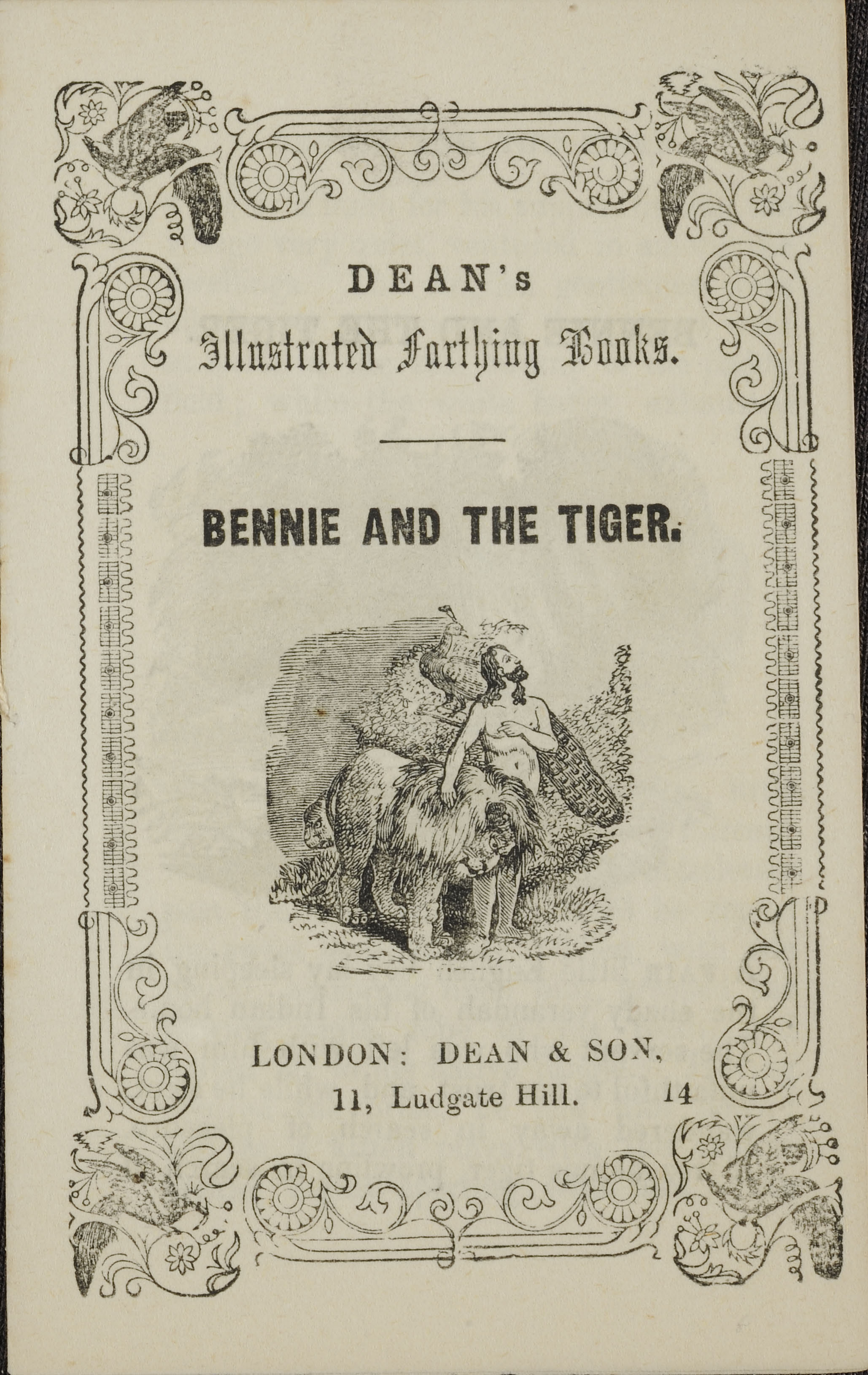


DEAN's

Illustrated Farthing Books.

BENNIE AND THE TIGER.

LONDON: DEAN & SON,
11, Ludgate Hill. 14

BENNIE AND THE TIGER.



A FAIR little English boy lay sleeping in the shady verandah of his Indian home. The servant who was left with him was unfaithful to her trust, and, while he slept, wandered away in search of pleasure. A treacherous tiger, prowling in search of

a pig or a lamb for his supper, finding the village very quiet, ventured in among the dwellings. The English gentlemen were all absent, and most of the natives were at work in the rice swamp or the paddy field; while the white ladies, exhausted



with heat, were taking their rest, little dreaming how careless were their nurses.

The treacherous tiger crept noiselessly past the deserted homes, until he espied the sweet little sleeper. Then, with one bound, he sprang upon him, grasped the flowing white robe in his teeth, and darted off to his native jungle. Having secured the prize, he laid him down; and as a kitten plays with the captive mouse, began sporting with him. He

walked round and round, layed first one paw and then the other on the little plump feet, and looked into his beautiful face as if his ferocious heart was almost melted by its sweetness.

There was a brave heart in little Bennie, for he seemed not at all alarmed by his strange companion. He was well used to Negro, the large black house dog; the ponies were his chief favourites; and he felt inclined to look on the tiger, perhaps, as an addition to his circle of dumb friends. Or, if the glance of these fiery eyeballs, and the display of these dreadful teeth, made his heart beat for a moment, he only returned the gaze, saying in baby language: "I'm not afraid of you, for I've got a father! You can't touch Bennie—Bennie's got a mamma!" Oh, how strong this trust in earthly love made that frail boy! Why will not those who know that God is over all, confide in him in times of danger, and be at rest!

All this time the boy's mother slept, nor dreamed of danger to her darling.

The truant nurse, missing her little charge, flew from house to house in search of him. But the Eye which never sleeps was on



him. An aged native had heard the low growl of satisfaction, which to his practised ear, told that a tiger had seized his

prey. Taking his carbine, he followed on his trail, and secreted himself noiselessly behind the bushes. He watched his opportunity to fire, trembling less the charge meant for the tiger might kill the boy. He took his aim and fired. The tiger ran a few steps toward the jungle, then staggered and fell dead within a few yards of the little captive. Do you think that his mother could ever forget the kind old native? Could she ever forget God, who saved her darling from so terrible a death?

There is an enemy more dangerous than any beast of the forest, who seeks to destroy both soul and body—Satan, whom the Scripture calls a "roaring lion." He has many servants, who watch like the tiger for their prey, ready to spring upon unguarded youth. God has warned us against these spiritual foes, and promised His protection to all that trust in Him.



THE DEAD BROTHER.



I am all alone in my chamber now,
 And the midnight hour is near;
And the faggot's crack and the clock's dull
 tick
 Are the only sounds I hear.
And o'er my soul, in its solitude,
 Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
For my heart and my eyes are full when
 I think
 Of the little boy that died.

THE DEAD BROTHER.

I went one night to my father's house—
  Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
  And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son—
  She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
  For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,
  In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
  When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
  And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak with a silent speech,
  Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
  To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hopes of our souls shall have
    no blight,
  Or love no broken ties.
We shall roam on the banks of the river
    of peace,
  And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of our joys of heaven shall be
  The little boy that died.